20c AUGUST 4, 1952 REVIEWS OF O'NEILL AND FAULKNER

New Republic

WE'RE FOR STEVENSON!

What Eisenhower hoped to be, Stevenson may well become. We ardently supported Eisenhower's program in Europe. We called for his nomination by the Republicans. We will still discuss Eisenhower's candidacy with as much sympathy as he will allow us. We will hold back no criticism of Stevenson's campaign. But now that Stevenson is nominated on his own terms, the contrast is clear and the choice is unavoidable. We are wholeheartedly and enthusiastically for Stevenson and Sparkman in 1952.

AUG 4 1952

...LEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

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Letters

Politics and Postmasters

● Lest Sen. Paul Douglas' criticisms of your criticism of the liberals who voted against the President's reorganization plan for the appointment of postmasters be accepted too readily by your readers I would like to point out what appears to me to be some obvious fallacies in the Senator's letter printed in your July 14 issue.

First, however, let me say that if Mr. Douglas had mentioned only the real reason for his negative vote—the need for patronage by under-financed liberals—his arguments would have been much more effective. While I am in sympathy with this reason and the ever-increasing need for liberals in Congress, I see no need for making the other feeble excuses for his actions. And also no need actually for letting that reason stand in the way of improved administration.

I do not believe that the President's plan was one of politics but one of sound administrative practices. One of the primary tenets of sound administrative organization is that authority is commensurate with responsibility. If the postmasters were placed under an adequate civil-service system, the possibilities of political appointments would be greatly reduced if not virtually eliminated. But the question is one of who would be blamed for poor administration in the post-office department. If the recent troubles in the other departments are any indication, the answer is clearly the President. Who would have in effect appointed the postmasters and hence should really take the blame for their appointment? Under the patronage system, and by the Senator's own admission, the Congressmen who recommended them. I cannot vote against Senator Douglas because he is responsible for a disloyal official appointed on his recommendation, but I certainly could vote against the President who was responsible for such an appointment if he were in actuality responsible through the civil-service system.

Furthermore, I can see no valid reason why "postmasters promoted from within tend to be less courteous and considerate toward the general public." Also, why are men appointed from within the department "more brutal in their dealings with employees?" Can the Senator verify his accusations? Or is he guilty of drawing broad conclusions from a few isolated cases? I would have to have some further proof before I could take the Senator's statements as facts.

The Senator is absolutely wrong in making the flat statement that the TVA is exempt from civil service. Everyone with whom I have talked has interpreted his statement as meaning that he thought TVA had no civil-service system. If he means merely that TVA operates apart from the regular federal service, he is correct. But TVA does have a civil-service system. They have taken the best of the regular federal system and have added improvements and modifications to fit their needs. This system is one of the reasons why, as Senator Douglas says, TVA is "the best-managed agency in the government." And many of its pioneering developments which have tested out favorably on their small scale have been adopted by the federal system.

And lastly, why may I ask is the fact that thus far the post-office department has been free from scandals any reason for voting against the improvement of administration? Is not this again shutting the barn door after the horse is gone. I am getting just a little tired of the Congress—both Democrats and Republicans—screaming about poor administration and scandals when they do not use the opportunities they have for improving things. . . .

Austin, Texas PATRICIA STUART

The 1952 Campaign

● Your "Dilemma of Candidate Eisenhower" (*NR*, July 21) is perfect. Mr. Eisenhower has been a great disappointment to many because of his refutation of the party which gave him his promotions and so the opportunity to run for President.

A man uncertain of where his loyalty lies would not appear to be of Presidential calibre. Also Eisenhower's reference to the French people as being "50 percent atheists" and suffering from moral degradation is not only unkind and untrue but to say the least bad judgment. Let us hope that by November the Eisenhower hysteria will have died as definitely as did that for MacArthur. A few months out of uniform can prove quite deglamorizing.

New York City MARGARET N. TAYLOR

Alcibiades MacArthur

● You quote in a recent issue a zealot as proclaiming MacArthur the Demosthenes of the American Republic. To me he has always been the Alcibiades.

Northville, Mich. F. ALDEN SHAW

MacArthur's Insubordination

● Up to the time that General MacArthur was relieved from his position in Japan and command of the Korean War he was my hero, as I believed he was doing a wonderful job in Japan. I was dumbfounded when the President relieved him of that command. However, after reading a verbatim report of the Senate Investigation of MacArthur's firing . . . I wonder why after all his insubordination he was not court-marshaled. Had he been a private he would have. . . .

Attleboro, Mass. HARRY BRUFFILL

State Department Boner

● A court trial of the informant in the Lattimore mixup would be simply passing the buck. American citizens have a right to expect agencies of the federal government to evaluate intelligently and act responsibly upon information coming to their attention. No amount of explanation by the State Department can cover up for the boner it pulled in this case.

Pennsauken, N.J. WILFRED LEWIS JR.

Pride, Privilege and Plunder

● The Democratic Party, once dubbed the party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, has, according to press reports, recently acquired from certain detractors a new sobriquet: the party of Crime, Communism and Corruption.

To combat this base aspersion, permit me to offer a fitting name for the Republican Party. How about calling it the party of Pride, Privilege and Plunder?

HOWARD KEYS HOLLISTER

Mexico City, Mexico

Bandwagon

Kiss of Fire

Dr. Warren K. Sinclair, on finishing a day's work at the Royal Cancer hospital, brushes his mustache with a Geiger counter . . . because once his mustache bristled with radioactivity, and there is no telling what might have happened if he had kissed Mrs. Sinclair. . . .

"Mustaches are subject to a sort of an occupational hazard," Dr. Sinclair said. — *From an AP dispatch.*

To the Poorhouse

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced salary slashes of 25 percent to 50 percent for all executives making over $1,000 a week.—*From the Washington* News.

New Crusade?

Delegates [to the Republican convention] believe they must convince voters that the Party is honest. Otherwise, they feel, they will not win the November elections. — *From the London* News-Chronicle.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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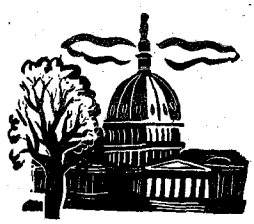
WASHINGTON WIRE

THE DEMOCRATIC conclave in Chicago was a mixed-up affair in which, so far as we can see, two main results stand out. It was the convention at which the startled and wincing South of Jimmy Byrnes learned for the first time that it suffers from political B.O. in the view of large sections of its party. And it was the convention that picked Adlai Stevenson to run against his will—and in which he displayed for the first time on the national stage attributes that may, some day, make him a towering world figure.



The convention was confused because it managed after the fashion of political conventions to blur certain moral issues to preserve party unity. The redoubtable Arthur Krock of the NY *Times* feels that in the North-South War the militant liberals made themselves ridiculous and failed in their attempted "purge." To us the affair looked somewhat different. Messrs. Byrd and Byrnes escaped, it is true, without being forced to make an abject Moscow-like confession of penitence, but it seemed to us the liberals won the substance of the dispute even though the Southern extremists won the letter.

Interpretation of the 1952 convention will long be in dispute. Keynote of the affair was a campaign song, "Don't Let 'Em Take It Away!" which the delegates sang with relish. Pundits of conservative papers seized on this ditty to show that the Democrats have become middle-class and conservative and are defending their new vested interests. The difficulty here is that the pundits all declared Truman a "conservative" too when he took office, and there was the briefest honeymoon on record based on this misconception. Now they present Stevenson in the same guise. He doesn't talk like a conservative to us; there is, in fact, an electric quality in his prose that makes our spine tingle. His Illinois record is liberal. On the other hand it was Boss Arvey of Illinois—almost certainly with Stevenson's knowledge if not consent—who let the Southern Dixiecrats off the hook at the convention when many of us hoped they were to get their comeuppance.

As to the "Don't Let 'Em Take It Away" theme, American politics shows repeatedly that the prosperity issue is about the biggest vote-getter there is. It elected Coolidge after the Harding scandals, and it might have elected the Democrats after the present mink-coat scandal even without a Stevenson. But when the abused and ill-treated classes have won reforms is it exactly "conservatism" to fight to keep those reforms? Under liberal leadership they might fight for even more reforms and a bigger slice of the national pie. We have an idea Stevenson as President would push such a movement. With his prose style, we rather think Stevenson can achieve and maintain communication with the masses. The masses rose to Truman in 1948 as much by instinct as by what he said, but in Stevenson we may have the phenomenon that comes only once in a couple of generations, the idealist with the power to make the uttered word raise goose pimples of enthusiasm in the college professor and the inarticulate masses alike.

The structure of the American political convention is so idiotic as to be almost obscene. Those synthetic ovations at Chicago that turned on and off like a faucet, the florid hyperbole of the speeches, the inhuman dullness of three-hour ballots while half- and one-third delegates are counted, the circus atmosphere—who can defend them? Once every four years the people seek to take control of the party; never once have liberals and moderates lost control of the Democrats in the past 20 years no matter how reactionary the party is in Congress. The tragedy is that there

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can not be a convention every year (stream-lined for the purpose) as in European politics, or at least biennial conventions to further real democracy.

There was mordant humor in this cruelly protracted convention as there always is. It became a firm, if unwritten, myth of the press section that at the appropriate time Mrs. Barkley was going to faint and be carried off to a leading pediatrician as final proof of her septugenarian husband's bounding vitality.

There was the wise observation of a commentator, not uttered over the air waves, on the fact that many of the prayers at both conventions sounded like political appeals. "I guess," observed the sage, "that at some of these invocations God must turn his TV set off."

Some events of the 1952 convention we shall never forget. One occurred when Mrs. Roosevelt came forward on the speaker's platform that thrust out into the convention hall like the prow of a destroyer. The great lights beat upon the great woman who is the widow of FDR; suddenly the evocative band broke into *Happy Days Are Here Again!* and we found ourselves choking up with that song that turned Hoover gloom into Roosevelt hope. . . . There was the fun of listening to fat Governor Dever of Massachusetts whose appearance was a very model for a ward boss when his voice broke in ghoulish huskiness: Dever the only man we know who could emphasize his point not by shaking his locks but by wagging his jowls. . . . There was the magnificent speech of Sen. Russell Long of Louisiana breaking away from the Dixiecrats and pointing out that the real issue in the so-called "loyalty pledge" was the simple one of giving voters the choice of candidates on state ballots under the appropriate party label—a right denied them in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina in 1948. . . . There was real emotion, too, in the warm-hearted convention greeting to Alben Barkley after he had abandoned his ill-advised Presidential intentions. Perhaps 10 minutes of his hour-long ovation was not synthetic.

The South came to the convention in an arrogant mood. In 1948 the Dixiecrats walked out. Plans were made to extort blackmail in 1952. Governor Byrnes of South Carolina organized the move. Six Southern states created machinery by which they could keep the names of candidates of the national party off the state ballot. Recessed conventions of these states—Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas—will meet again soon to see if they do it. But after the outcome of the Democratic National Convention are not apt to.

This is because the initiative was seized from the first at the convention by the Northern liberal wing. Suddenly and astoundingly the Southern minority group—which for years has enjoyed seniority chairmanships in Congress without obeying the party which gave them these posts—found roles reversed. Governor Battle of Virginia and Governor Talmadge of Georgia felt something chill in their veins as they heard themselves booed from the convention floor and felt the waves of anger and resentment beat upon them from the majority. The support of Byrnes was chipped down ultimately to three states—South Carolina, Louisiana, and Virginia.

By the intervention of Jake Arvey of Illinois these three states were not actually thrown out and they did not have to sign the pledge, but each of the three leaders gave moral loyalty understandings which it will be hard to break. In the shock of their discovered unpopularity they acquiesced in civil-rights planks which caused them to bolt in 1948. This was the contribution of the liberal Northern leadership of Blair Moody, Hubert Humphrey and the others. Although they won a drawn battle rather than total victory, they made a good beginning.

But the great moments of the convention were actually supplied by Stevenson. In his original brief welcoming talk he spoke with a courage and confidence that suddenly put heart into a dull and apathetic audience. There could no longer be any doubt after the talk that he would accept the nomination; this was his own way of saying "Yes."

Then came the superb climax when he and Truman both appeared late at night before a party which seems congenitally incapable of doing business till two in the morning. He offered an acceptance speech as fine in style as anything since Wilson. He did not talk down to the crowd; he lifted it up. He may have surprised some by calling the divided Republican Party a victim of "schizophrenia," but they took it in stride: it sounded bad and it sounded hyphenated like Taft-Hartley. They liked it. Stevenson said it was better to lose an election than deceive the people, and he said it with such firmness and conviction that the ward-heelers—for a moment anyway—believed him. He disdained to offer panaceas for America and said so, too; instead in Churchillian phrases he warned of the need of "sacrifice, patience, understanding and implacable purpose" for "years to come."

This was the speech Eisenhower should have made. Where stout-hearted Truman belabored the Republicans with a rough quarterstaff, Stevenson used a flashing rapier.

Like a clean wind off Lake Michigan blowing through the noisome stockyards, Stevenson's speech cleared the atmosphere as he denounced political "circuses and demagoguery"—just what had been going on all week.

Correspondents exchanged glances with a wild surmise. "But this is magnificent!" they told each other. Could Stevenson be as good as he sounded? Again it was too early to say.

The Democrats may have lost far more in the North than it has gained in the South by putting Sparkman in second place instead of Estes Kefauver. But if Stevenson really is as good as he looks, it probably won't matter. The convention caught the man who tried to get away. He looks to us like a lonely, self-deprecating, patrician figure with a command of language unparalleled since Wilson and a voice which—if taken to the White House—will catch the world's ear.

Chicago T.R.B.

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New Republic

TOWARD THE GREAT TOMORROWS

TO SAY THAT the Democrats picked Adlai Stevenson because he could win is to conceal in a cynicism an important truth. Stevenson can win—that is, he can gain the allegiance of a majority of Americans. The question is *why*, and the answer surely is because his spirit accords with the direction in which America is moving.

Wilson brought a sober idealism to the Presidency in the restless days of 1912. Roosevelt brought confidence and purpose in the bitter helplessness of 1932. To 1952, Stevenson brings, not Wilson's gifts, nor Roosevelt's, but his own: moral honesty to challenge cynicism and corruption; intellectual ability to end mediocrity in government; open-mindedness to counter conformism and doctrinal rigidity; a belief in conciliation to overcome deep and disturbing divisions within this nation; and finally a refusal to seek the Presidency at all.

Of these qualities the last has been most noted and is the hardest to understand. Endless explanations have been advanced for Stevenson's indecision. The one convincing explanation is his own: "I would not seek your nomination for the Presidency because the burdens of that office stagger the imagination. Its potential for good or evil now and in the years of our lives smothers exaltation and converts vanity to prayer." No man can start in the Presidency with a united people. If he starts with a divided party as well, he must tend as President to avoid and postpone, rather than to confront and resolve, conflicts for which "there are no cheap and painless solutions."

This truth was grasped by another outstanding leader, General Eisenhower. In the same spirit as Stevenson he refused at first to struggle for the nomination, to state his terms or to limit his concept of the Presidential tasks. Eisenhower clung to that position as long as he could, resisting the partisanship of a contested campaign. Yet the weakness Eisenhower displayed on returning and the basic faults of the party he picked as a vehicle compelled him to compromise on all counts. He set out to campaign; he made his alliances, and he sank to the level of ordinary politicians in offering superficial solutions and foolish, unrealizable assurances of better times following his party's victory.

Stevenson has made no such retreats. The delegates at Chicago may not have identified his allusion to Justice Holmes, his reference to St. Francis, his repetition of an obscure line from Arthur Symons. But they could not miss his main argument. In welcoming them he set forth the terms on which he would campaign.

This is not a time for superficial solutions and everlasting elocution, for frantic boast and foolish word. For words are not deeds, and there are no cheap and painless solutions to war, hunger, ignorance, fear and imperialist Communism. Intemperate criticism is not a policy for the nation; denunciation is not a program for our salvation. . . . Where we have erred let there be no denial; where we have wronged the public trust, let there be no excuses. Self-criticism is the secret weapon of democracy, and candor and criticism are good for the political soul.

These are great commitments, and Stevenson reaffirmed them in his acceptance speech in stating, "What does concern me . . . is not just winning the election, but how it is won. . . . " These measures of his approach reduce the clichés of Eisenhower's acceptance speech to the commonplace.

Both men set forth from the same starting point. From now on their ways seem certain to diverge. Every force bearing down on Eisenhower is pressing him toward the Right, toward the alliances he once feared and into the destructive campaign he once believed would further divide this nation. In contrast Stevenson from now on will tend to gather round him the best minds in America and the largest possible coalition, as he distills into forward-looking programs his concept of the great tomorrows.

What Eisenhower hoped to be, Stevenson may well become.

We ardently supported Eisenhower's program in Europe. We called for his nomination by the Republicans. Had he run against any second-rate Democrat we would have at least reserved our freedom of choice. We will still discuss Eisenhower's candidacy with as much sympathy as he will allow us, and as much fairness as we possess. We will hold back no criticism if faults seem to us to develop in Stevenson's campaign. But now that Stevenson is nominated on his own terms, the contrast, all things considered, is clear, and the choice is unavoidable. We are wholeheartedly and enthusiastically for Stevenson and Sparkman in 1952!

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THE WEEK

THE DEMOCRATS MEET

The Democrats held an uncontrolled convention in Chicago—the first in 20 years. The Roosevelt power was absent. The Truman power was restrained and also divided. No one knew where the convention would go.

There were no cohesive blocs in the convention. Roughly and from left to right, there were five main groups as the convention met.

The no-compromisers. These gathered around the candidacy of Averell Harriman. The ambitions of its organizers, the lack of Stevenson's ambition and Harriman's own enthusiasm advanced this holding operation to a real bid, backed by the ADA, labor and minority leaders and some White House advisers.

Kefauver's Rebellion. This group consisted of the unorganized liberals and independents. Some were too young to have achieved power in established organizations; some too outspoken. Many were elected in a popular revolt against political corruption. All were enthusiastic for a man they had worked hard for. They came with bands and banners and coonskin caps, and administration men believed that if the convention produced no strong alternative Kefauver would win.

The Ready and Waiting. Forty percent of the delegates were genuinely uncommitted as the convention began. They included such machine men as David Lawrence, Frank Lausche, Henry Schricker, Joseph Darst and Jake Arvey. They included hard-pressed candidates looking for the strongest national slate such as Blair Moody and Mennen Williams, William Benton, Michael di-Salle and Jack Kennedy. They included also the labor leaders who knew chiefly what they did not want and who hoped to win a balance-of-power role.

The Stevenson Amateurs. This tiny group gathered together in March. It was practically destroyed when Stevenson ruled himself out on April 18. It was repudiated by Stevenson and opposed by Arvey. Working in the dark, it spent just $5,000 before the convention opened. It managed to secure three rooms in the Conrad Hilton Hotel. It sent letters to all the delegates and asked them to visit the headquarters. Four hundred delegates responded. They found a team of young war veterans who explained patiently that they had no right to discuss deals, no power to discuss patronage, no liaison with Arvey and no contact of any kind with Stevenson. They had almost no literature, and only a limited supply of buttons. They were not sure who among them would pay the hotel rent. A historian, Walter Johnson, and a publisher, Leo Lerner, headed the group; two young lawyers, Hubert Will and Marshall Holleb, and a law professor, Robert Ming, talked to the delegates. One Congressman, Sidney Yates, provided professional skill.

The Regency. Alben Barkley arrived in Chicago, strong in his record of solid achievement, weak in his 74 years, his failing eyesight, his poor health. A group made up of off-shore oil promoters, palace courtiers, ex-party chiefs and ambitious Southerners chose to exploit Barkley's record in total disregard of his health. In the event of his election they looked forward to a Regency made up of Mrs. Barkley, Leslie Biffle and Sen. Earle Clements. In the event of his defeat, they would retain party control. Matt Connelly operated from the White House for this group, Biffle from the Convention platform, Ed Pauley from the corridors and hotel rooms, Jim Farley and Sen. Lyndon Johnson on the convention floor.

The Confederacy. In public, the Southern delegations stood together as the convention opened. On the extreme right were Gov. Fielding Wright, and Gov. James Byrnes, who hoped to lead a march of Southern states into the Republican column. Their fellow-travelers included delegations from the four Dixiecrat states of 1948. To the left of this group were the reconstructed Southerners, Govs. Kerr Scott and Sidney McMath and Senators Sparkman and Hill.

Between these groups the White House representatives moved, speaking in many tongues. Truman's position was strengthened by Charles Murphy and John Carroll, and undermined by Leslie Biffle and Matt Connelly, misrepresented by Chairman McKinney, and clarified by India Edwards. Not until Truman himself arrived in Chicago was the White House added as a real force among the others.

The Credentials Fight. These conflicting groups first tested their strength on the Credentials Committee. There was no question there that the Dixiecrat delegations of Mississippi and Texas represented the majority of Democratic voters. There was no question that the challenging delegations represented the Democratic Party viewpoint. The Committee had to decide whether the viewpoints of the states or of the Party was the basis for representation. Faced with the immediate threat of Eisenhower's appeal, it favored the states.

The Platform Fight. In the Platform Committee the conflict of party interest between the need for Northern enthusiasm and the threat of Southern defection was raised again. The platform repeated every provision of the 1948 plank and committed the party in the Senate to the revision of Rule 22. This was a great advance, and a great personal victory for John Sparkman, a leader in the committee, who brought about Southern acceptance of the platform on the convention floor.

The Rules Fight. When the contest in the Rules Committee began, the Harriman and Kefauver supporters were in a position similar to that of Eisenhower before he left for Chicago. His delegate strength was not enough; he needed

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an issue around which to build new strength. The issue in general terms was certain to be the North-South conflict. The Credentials Committee struggle brought it into focus and served to join the Harriman and Kefauver groups in an ADA-labor caucus. Together these groups named the Dixiecrats as a Republican fifth-column, drafted and passed in the rules committee a resolution requiring all delegates to do their utmost to assure that electors pledged to the Democratic Party be listed as such on state ballots. It was sound, but poorly phrased and very poorly presented to the convention.

This fight sharpened the North-South conflict, in accordance with the plans of Harriman's managers. It firmed up the Kefauver delegations. It gravely undermined the Draft-Stevenson movement when Jacob Arvey saved the Dixiecrats from defeat. The end result was a Northern victory, even though the victory was compromised. But the compromise, not the victory, smarted among many Northern delegates. Their sense of outrage was heightened by the obviously partisan rulings of Chairman Sam Rayburn.

The Nomination. As the convention opened the Kefauver rebellion was at its peak; Harriman's crusade was lagging; the Stevenson draft was picking up; the plans of the Regency were well laid. They had persuaded key Northern delegations to give Barkley a run before the Stevenson draft started; they planned to nominate Barkley before the Stevenson draft could get under way.

Then, as the Stevenson movement gathered momentum, Arvey switched Illinois from Barkley. Lawrence withdrew Pennsylvania's support. Labor's added veto was significant but not decisive. Kentucky Sen. Earle Clements simply persuaded Barkley to heap the blame onto labor to the joy of an "outraged" press.

From then on the draft movement seemed unbeatable until Arvey, keeping his lines to the South open, backed the defiant Southern states.

Then Harriman and Kefauver tried in a Stop-Stevenson Movement. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. adopted a die-hard attitude that might have deadlocked the convention.

The Stop-Stevenson Movement could not agree on a single ticket. Harriman regarded Kefauver as inadequate for the Presidency. Kefauver could not accept second place. However, Roosevelt, Williams, Humphrey and Kefauver worked toward agreement on a basic strategy; New York would hold for Harriman, the other states for Kefauver until after the third ballot. By then, the draft would be dissipated, Stevenson would withdraw, a no-compromise ticket would eventually win out. Walter Reuther criticized this strategy. Roosevelt insisted on it. Humphrey was unhappy, pleading with a liberal caucus called at dawn on Friday to remember that Stevenson was a liberal, and pleading with Stevenson to endorse Kefauver as his running mate.

Stevenson refused all deals. Russell showed considerable strength. Harriman still believed he would be nominated. Barkley was back in the race, put there once more by the Regency which converted his moving address into a shoddy gambit. These forces were in balance as the balloting started. They continued in balance as all significant lines held on the second ballot. Stevenson gained only 51 votes. Kefauver picked up 22 votes. Barkley moved up with 78 votes, well distributed among 11 states. Something had to give, or some new force had to be applied.

That new force was applied when Harry Truman landed in Chicago. He took the measure of Barkley's candidacy. He refused to countenance a ticket intended to establish his neutrality towards Kefauver.

At that moment, the Draft-Stevenson volunteers were exhausted and near despair. They had no desire and no authority to turn to Russell. They seemed unable to dent Wisconsin, California, Michigan and Minnesota, the states which could put Stevenson over under liberal auspices. They feared that if the third ballot showed little gain for him, Stevenson would withdraw. They knew that New York alone could break a possible deadlock. At that moment the New York caucus was meeting to switch to Stevenson.

There had been no deals. Stevenson, discussing the Vice-Presidency with Truman, reasoned that Russell's strong showing, with 294 votes, made it wisest to leave both Russell and Kefauver for a new man. He narrowed the choice to Senator Sparkman or Oscar Chapman. His bent toward conciliation, his concern for binding the South closely to the nation as a whole, similar to that of Woodrow Wilson, probably led Stevenson to seek Sparkman.

John Sparkman comes from the same Alabama mold as Claude Pepper, Aubrey Williams and Hugo Black. His father was a share-cropper, working some of the poorest land in the South. Sparkman was one of 11 children. He stoked furnaces and waited on tables in order to graduate from the University of Alabama with a Phi Beta Kappa key. He taught sociology and history before he practiced law. He went on to Congress, strongly opposed by the US Steel Company, the Alabama Power Company and all the State's "Big Mules."

Sparkman and Lister Hill are the closest working team in the Senate, and their voting records as a team are the best in the South. After the 1948 walkout, which they refused to join, Hill and Sparkman took on and defeated the Dixiecrats in their state, compelling a pledge of loyalty to the national ticket from every delegate and every candidate for state and county office. Sparkman's civil-rights record is the only weak spot in his liberalism and for obvious reasons. Those who fear him on this account can take some reassurance from the fact that as a principal author of the 1952 civil-rights platform he has indicated that in presiding in the Senate, he will follow the platform in discarding Rule 22.

This is the story of the Democratic Convention as our editors saw it. It conflicts in detail and emphasis with accounts gathered by much larger staffs than ours and published by reputable newspapers and magazines. No one can comprehend and evaluate without error the innumerable complicated developments of 10 hectic days. We warn our readers that our own account is liable to error.

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THE REVOLT AGAINST de GAULLE

WHEN Antoine Pinay became Premier of France he was an obscure businessman, the owner of a tannery employing 70 workers and the mayor of a small town named Saint Chamond. All that the vast majority of his countrymen knew about him was that he had served Marshal Petain during the Vichy regime and had been a member of governments of the Fourth Republic after the Liberation. The first service exposed him to no particular blame. His record differed little from that of thousands of petty politicians who, lacking the daring it took either to collaborate with the enemy or to resist with the patriots, chose to acquiesce and wait. Nor did his role after the war give him credit.

The general opinion of him as a statesman was that he was just another of the politically featureless faces in the ever-growing gallery of dull academic portraits that had been going up for ever so long on the walls of the Hotel Matignon. Of his chances of survival, it was that he might remain in the public view for days, weeks, at most a month or two.

It was quite natural therefore that Gen. Charles de Gaulle should have sneered. The gaudy soldier-statesman, who had lived for a dozen years in the very forefront of the most brilliant political limelight, said of the colorless little pretender to *his* glory: "I did not save France for Monsieur Pinay."

But now it turns out that the General may have been wrong—at least temporarily. The so-called "Pinay experiment"—the effort to put France's economic house in order—can hardly be considered a success after nearly a half year of rather muddy or even slimy grass-roots methods. Yet Pinay *has* survived. And he also seems to have succeeded in bringing serious disorder into the General's political house. Some scores of deputies and senators have resigned from the RPF—the Rally of the French People. The Pinay loan may not have gone over big, but the little man no longer lives entirely on borrowed time.

The Gaullist dissidents proclaim their independence. In fact, they are the men of the far Right in the RPF. And they have joined forces not so much with Pinay himself as with their many like-minded companions in his following. Moreover, under the surface appearance of a crushing, perhaps even a fatal, blow for the dictatorial goal for which de Gaulle seems to stand lies the fact of a victory for the so-called "classical Right."

With the rupture in the RPF the worst of the reactionaries have left de Gaulle. But they have come forward, not backward. Gaullism without de Gaulle is rising. If the star of the General has gone down, that of another and potentially more dangerous military man, Marshal Juin, has gone up. Since the Pinay government gave him a Marshal's baton, he has used it in public language against democracy, America and the UN which has caused alarm.

The outstanding anti-Communist newspaper of the French Left, the *Franc-Tireur* explains:

> The old French Right which fears adventure as much as revolution has found itself and also its revival through Pinay. Under the Occupation, this Right was pro-Vichy. With the liberation it had to go underground. It tried to get into the [Catholic] MRP; then delighted and astounded to find de Gaulle offering it hospitality, it supported the RPF, thereby compromising this group which became a party of the extreme Right. But then Pinay came along. He embodied not only the reaction but the revenge against the resistance and its spirit, against the Fourth Republic and its social gains, against the recent past with which de Gaulle despite his authoritarian views and Joan of Arc complex has been closely associated.

On the reason for the Gaullist split, the *Times* of London pointed out:

> Among the most uncompromising of the General's supporters are many whose political origins are with the Left. They attach great importance to the Gaullist labor program. . . . A deal with M. Pinay . . . had in their eyes the danger that it gave support to a right-wing government and in public opinion would have classified the RPF as a party of the Right.

Of course, de Gaulle did not reject deals with Pinay or with his own Right on behalf of his own Left. He still wants to be the dictator who will "save" France by "reforming" the Constitution and electoral laws. He remains a passionate nationalist. He wants to create a kind of corporate state resembling the "good" Fascism of the early Mussolini period, or Salazar's or Peron's.

The paradox of the domestic French political situation is that the decline of de Gaulle and *his* brand of authoritarian nationalism brings forward a worse brand that resembles the New Nazism in Western Germany and the New Fascism in Italy. While what the *Times* calls "the austere, almost evangelical appeal of Gaullism" is failing, colorless Frenchmen like Pinay and bombastic ones like Juin are threatening French democracy at home and France's commitments abroad. It is no secret that the "classical Right" is far from enthusiastic about the European army; but its public attitude will differ from de Gaulle's pretty much as his stand on Petainism differed from Pinay's. On the reason for the paradox, André Chêne-benoit says in the *Monde* of Paris:

> It is painful to recognize that despite the fact that an immense majority in public opinion supports the democratic Center, it is precisely in that center that the National Assembly breaks asunder for the benefit of the extremist minorities. . . . If this continues, who will fail to see in the weakness of a Left which can call itself republican and in the absence of a Right which dares to take a truly conservative position that the Center will not move toward either the Left or the Right but toward Communism or Fascism?

There is practically no chance that Pinay himself would lead France toward Fascism, but there is a chance that he could pave the way toward a modified French equivalent; and in Juin such a government could have a *chef*.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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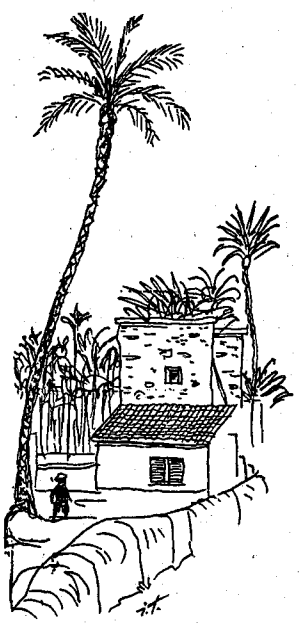
NOTES ON A SPANISH JOURNEY

by Daniel Friedenberg

MADRID is the most delightful city in the world for everyone but Spaniards. The deflation of the Spanish peseta, coupled with a very favorable rate of exchange, has made the capital of Spain a paradise for American tourists since I journeyed here three years ago. In the Palace Hotel, which is on the same plush level as the Ritz in London or the Plaza in New York, the luxurious suites cost 150 pesetas or less than $3 a day and a full-course meal in the restaurant on the ground floor, served with a bottle of select Spanish wine, may amount to another dollar. It takes no more than an elementary grasp of economics to realize that the way prices are depressed in a modern state is to force down the purchasing power of the people: Marie Antoinette would feel very much at home in Spain today. The frightening part is that so do many Americans, who, often with the best of intentions, compare with approval the superficial gaiety of Madrileño social life to the class strife in England and France. It requires a stout mind and a robust conscience to put away our middle-class prejudices and look beneath the skin of this dancing cadaver.



Don Lope de X., a high-placed business acquaintance, secured a place for me at the formal reception given for the new Cuban Ambassador in the Throne Room of the Royal Palace. The Ambassador was driven to the immense baroque structure at the head of a procession of gilded 18th century carriages of state which Franco must have ransacked every horse-and-buggy museum in Spain to pool together. At the portico, a detail of the Caudillo's personal Moorish guard surrounded the guests and, after checking our clothing for suspicious bulges, escorted us through the silk-covered hallways to the Throne Room, where the Dictator waited, standing dramatically in front of Spain's historic throne. "Notice that he does not sit down. After all, he is not the king," Don Lope, who had vague monarchial sympathies, whispered to me. The Cuban Ambassador, his eyes blinking nervously, handed his credentials, a rolled parchment, to Franco and the two obese, bald men ceremoniously kissed each other on the cheeks.

Lope knew of my desire to bring home some hand-knit mantillas, so after the reception we drove to one of the mantilla factories in the outskirts of Madrid. Rows of girls, between the ages of 10 and 20, sat at the simple wood tables stitching the popular Spanish head coverings. They smiled shyly at us as we walked through the dimly lit room. One of the younger girls, her body propped up on a pillow to reach the table, burst into a spasm of coughing as we passed and spat to the floor a blood-stained phlegm. I asked her what she earned for a day's work, and though the director who had accompanied us gestured disapprovingly, she told me 11 pesetas or approximately 22 cents for eight hours. I thought of the hotels and expensive night clubs of Madrid, and particularly of the rococo dining room in the Royal Palace where Franco and his carefully guarded henchmen were sitting down to eat. The reddish spittle began to dry on the factory floor. I couldn't buy any of the delicate, lacy mantillas.

Toledo is the charnel-house of a great past and represents the very soul of Spain. Madrid, and particularly Barcelona, are merely modern, atypic excrescences, in the sense of the grand, solemn, brooding, indrawn, mystic Spain who calls her kings "most Catholic" because she feels there are no others but herself *really* Catholic; and in that she is right, for in that sense even Vatican City is slightly iconoclast. Spain and Ireland have much in common in certain respects; they are the two nations whose identity was saved by being Catholic and hence are to the highest degree orthodox. In the Catholic countries where Catholicism was never at question in national preservation, as in Italy and France, the Church may be in the bones but it is scarcely left in their heads. But the unity of Spain, as compared to that of Ireland, was achieved through Christ, and it is in Christ alone Spanish hearts find full solace. And it is through understanding Toledo that we sense the meaning of Spanish history. The hoof sounds of the Cid's horse, returning victoriously from the war with the Moors, still clatter psychologically on the narrow cobblestone streets. What need had these aristocratic hidalgos for the bourgeois effort of other nations?

The gold pouring in from all the Americas would solve their problems. What use had they for middle-

Daniel Friedenberg is a businessman and author who has just returned from a trip through Spain and Morocco.

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men, tinkers and money changers? Let the grubby heretics of the Northern flatlands bother with such nonsense. So they drove out the remaining Moorish traders and the infidel Jews; and the early national state, devoid of the vexing problem of the bourgeoisie, waxed triumphant—until the gold ran out. Toledo, jewel of this scornful history, still stands. Church and Army, the seat of the Archbishopric of Spain with its Cathedral and the West Point of Spain with its Alcàzar; Church and Army, with a cluster of medieval houses clinging to the belly of the Citadel.

To the Northwest lies Salamanca where the Old and New Cathedrals stick their magnificent Gothic halberds into the blue sky. Inside, heavenly litany floats up from the voices of girls. Painted brightly on the left of the entrance to the New Cathedral is the portrait of José Antonio Primo de Rivera; on the right benignly beams the corpulent face of Generalissimo Franco, with the Falange sign, a sheaf of arrows, inscribed beneath. Wreaths encircle the names of the two dictators. On the steps of the Cathedral a barefooted girl of five begs for centimos. Around the enormous rectangular mass of the two Cathedrals, amid piles of excrement and garbage with urine staining the air, prostitutes beckon from nearby doorways. And softly that liturgical chant rising to heaven from the inside of the Cathedral, for it is Sunday.

Salamanca is a strange Renaissance city, belonging more to the Italian past than to the world today; the spirit of Benvenuto Cellini haunts this atavism of the West's awakening. Exquisite palaces and churches, built in the style of the Medicis, shadow hovels and lanes of mud and cobblestone. Diseased beggars, dogs, grunting swine and elegant caballeros swarm in the narrow streets. And the nattily dressed young officers of Franco's cavalry, in their greenish-blue riding togs with silver spurs clinking on the shining boots, walk insolently in the center of the sidewalk, casting glances at the black-eyed ladies of pleasure while the psaltery of a hundred chapel bells call the faithful to worship. Yet this Renaissance pageant of color and sound lacks one detail, the *essential* one: and that is the threat of an ascendant middle-class to the system. The Inquisition knew well its objective when it burnt 1,500 persons a year in Spain until the danger passed. The Church and the Army—the latter being the secular arm of the hacienda owners and the state cartels—first castrated the middle-class and then taught it to stutter the catchwords of an outworn society. Unless one realizes the hatred of what are called the bourgeois virtues of industry, sobriety and personal responsibility running through Spanish personality, the reliance on inward mystical vision and the turning away from the law of growth, Spanish history is a complete mystery.

Strolling in the famous arcaded Plaza Mayor, I encountered a young Spanish student studying theology at the University of Salamanca, a great humanistic center of learning. We sat down to have a brandy at one of those little cafés overlooking the Square. He was fascinated by the thought of meeting an American and kept on asking me a stream of questions. What interested him most about the United States was: "How can Catholics and Protestants live together peacefully?"

He kept repeating, "Do the Protestants really allow us to worship freely? Aren't they afraid we will convert their children?" It was obvious that he considered each religion mutually incompatible and at perpetual war for the salvation of souls.

"No," I replied, trying to make him understand in some small measure the American conception of religious freedom. "Each sect preaches freely and anybody can change his faith. We don't believe in forcing people to accept one religion or to stay in that of their fathers."

The idea was difficult for him to understand, though he sat thinking, attempting to assimilate it. "But," he asked "don't the ecclesiastical Protestant authorities force the government to restrict Catholic worship? I know, of course, that you are supposed to have the two theoretically separate, but that's ridiculous. Unless the state recognizes the primacy of the Church, you must end in chaos or Communism, for then men are responsible primarily to man and only secondarily to God."

I didn't want to get into a theological argument. Besides, it was obvious that his entire outlook of the world was different from mine.

"For instance," I said "take your city, Salamanca. I know that the very vast majority of people are Catholics. But supposing some Protestants wanted to worship here. Try to put yourself in their place. You wouldn't think that strange, would you?"

The young theological student was shocked. He put down his glass of brandy and gesticulated vigorously. He urged me to remember that Spain is a Catholic country, and that only through his faith the Spaniard is strong. We had that very problem arise five years ago at Zamora. An Anglican asked permission to erect a church for several dozen Protestants who happen to live there. His request was turned over to the Bishop, who refused it. But try to see our reasoning. And he continued, "the average person is weak and must be guided by the proper authorities to an understanding of the truth. To let his mind be twisted by half-truths is a danger to his own salvation. We only let the truth be known. That is the real reason why Spain is the only country left in Europe that does not have a Communist problem."

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Of Avila it has been said that the degree of resistance to Franco's *Guardia Civil* is an index to the virility of Spanish cities; and certainly the mentality of the citizens of Madrid and Barcelona should be measured by centuries rather than kilometers from that of moldering Falange towns like Avila, Toledo and Segovia. The large industrial centers of Spain stand out like outposts of our era in a stagnant feudal swamp. This is partly due to a hopelessly antiquated transit system. Spanish trains rarely travel more than 20 miles an hour and stop at every local station. Outside of a few metropolitan areas, the roads are mere parallel lines of ruts, pebbly morasses in the dry season, mud creeks when it rains. As a consequence, plane travel has become very popular among the rich, and it is impossible to get seats without an advance reservation of at least two weeks. I asked several well-to-do Spaniards why the nationalized air transport couldn't be expanded. "Spain is a poor country" is the inevitable reply. Agriculture is in the same lamentable state. Water buffalos plow the ground as in India; mules are the conventional farmer's transport. And deep in the rural areas, the country folk wear pants and jackets of torn burlap sackcloth which the Arabs would indignantly reject.

The geographic and intellectual isolation of the countryside is reflected in the contrasting mentalities of the city workers and peasant farmers. There are many objective signs that the Generalissimo is fully aware of this. Although internal-security police swarm in the large centers, checking for any focus of discontent, security measures have been greatly relaxed elsewhere. Once one leaves the larger cities, the soldiers are less numerous and seem careless in discipline; personal papers and goods are checked at fewer roadblocks. Three years ago, when stopping overnight, all travelers—both Spaniards and foreigners—would have to report to the *Ayuntamiento,* the Spanish Municipal Council, and fill out endless sheets in triplicate. All this has been suspended. The rural people even grumble in a different way. Before it used to be the *government* this and the *government* that; now it is *conditions* this and *conditions* that: a profound psychological difference. There is a feeling of resignation in the provinces, an Oriental passivism, a recognition or assumption that they have somehow been bypassed by history. And a new generation has grown up, a generation isolated from the main flow of modern European history. As a consequence, the gulf between city and country political awareness is increasing at such an alarming rate that two different nations may be said to reside in the same land.

The future implications, as the history of Spain indicates, are too terrible to be imagined.

In Madrid again, as I left the Palace Hotel to check my baggage for the plane trip home, a shoe-black caught my eye. The wind was driving a blustering rain through the deserted streets and he had pressed his small squat frame against the wet granite base of the hotel for protection. *"Limpia, limpia,"* he called out in a self-assertive tone, his black eyes, the right one in a perpetual squint, measuring the scurrying passersby. *"Limpia,"* ("shoe shine") he called to me, and I finally put my foot on his crude shoe box. When he told me the charge was one peseta, I asked him, considering the cost of food, how he managed to live. He looked at me fiercely. Then, sensing the sympathy of a foreigner, he started a tirade in a harsh, gutteral voice: "Food," he spat. "Why just talk of food. We wear rags; we eat slops from rich men's tables; we live in holes. The rats have even left us. We are finished. Spain is finished. There is no longer any hope within our country. The banks, the filthy money in them, control our souls.

"Even the spies are selling their own families for money." He stopped polishing and looked up. "The only hope left for Spain is outside, *afuera.* We must learn to be patient, we must teach our children to wait." His black eyes dancing with lust, he continued. "But the day will come. When the Rojos swarm over the border, our Campesino will arise again and butcher the Falange whores." His voice rose shrilly, and I looked around, afraid somebody might overhear us. But there was no one on the rainy street. The little shoe-black was describing his vision, a worker's insurrection.

In a strange paradoxical way, Spain today bears much resemblance to the Roman Empire of the third century, when paganism was the state religion and Christianity that of the internal proletariat. The situation is now reversed; Catholicism has become the established religion in Spain, but that of the industrial masses is Socialism. The Spanish workers look back upon the Loyalist Republic as a shimmering City of Light, to be reattained and purified through revolution. The revolution is thus seen as the culmination of the Gospel, Armageddon for the monied Samaritans and priests; redemption obtained here and now.

The unfortunate part is that the US is almost hopelessly compromised in this apocalyptic situation. On my last trip, it was exhilarating to feel oneself American; the people would pour out their hearts and hopes, and look forward with shining eyes to the great part the land of liberty would play in their release from slavery. But all that has long since passed. Now the average thinking person closes his mouth and refuses to discuss politics when he discovers that you are an American.

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THE GOP PLATFORM

A Republican Views His Party's Stand

by Wayne Morse

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY revitalized itself at Chicago by defeating the right-wing of the party in its attempt to control the machinery of the convention and to handpick the nominees. This change in the direction of the Republican Party will appeal to the independent voters, whose support we need for a victory in November.

Unfortunately, the platform of the convention was written under the domination of reactionary leaders of the party and prior to the time that the convention reversed the Republican National Committee in its decision on the seating of delegates. The fight on this issue consumed so much time that the delegates did not give careful consideration to the planks of the platform which were written for the most part by ultra-conservatives. The platform was approved in a routine fashion and many delegates were unaware of some of its weaknesses. However, I am convinced that whatever harm was done in putting forth a platform which is entirely too reactionary in some respects, the nominees on the ticket can clarify the matter by their own interpretation.

Civil Rights—"Weasel-Worded"

Take, for example, the civil-rights section of the platform. It will be completely unsatisfactory to the minority groups in America for the simple reason that it represents a retreat on human rights since the time of Abraham Lincoln. The issue on human rights as far as its basic principle is concerned is the same in 1952 as it was in 1860. Lincoln refused to compromise on this; but the Republican platform of 1952 shows no such courage.

That compromise must be rejected by Eisenhower and Nixon if the Republican Party is to win the support of minority groups in America and keep faith with Lincoln. The issue involves the constitutional duty of the federal government to protect all citizens from violation of their citizenship rights caused by discrimination because of race, color or creed.

Lincoln carved his answer to the issue in the arch of American freedom for all time to come when he answered the civil-rights compromisers with his famous pronouncements:

"Our country cannot survive half slave and half free."

In 1952, we must realize that our country cannot survive with its people divided into first-class versus second-class citizenship. The Republican platform on this issue fails to meet unequivocally the demands of civil-rights groups in our country that the federal government protect them from discrimination. The party talks about states' rights, obviously seeking to placate the states' righters who today, as in 1860, insist that the states determine the kind of citizenship human beings living within their borders should enjoy. The civil-rights groups will not accept that any more than Lincoln was willing to accept a compromise on the problem of slavery.

Republicans should not forget that discrimination based on race, color or creed, resulting in second-class citizenship for millions of our fellow Americans, is a form of economic slavery. Neither should we ever lose sight of the fact that the position we take on civil rights will have a tremendous effect on the standing the United States enjoys in the councils of the world. We must defeat world Communism and we must keep men free throughout the world if in the century ahead freedom is to survive and, along with it, America itself.

It is a great disappointment that the plank of the Republican platform on civil rights is such a weasel-worded, compromising document of double talk. Eisenhower and Nixon must clarify it and take a firm stand for federal rights in the field of civil rights. All Americans are entitled to the guarantee by their federal government of the constitutional right to the protection of first-class ciizenship.

Labor—"Evasive"

Likewise, the labor section of the Republican platform is verbose, platitudinous and evasive. We made the same mistake in 1948 on the labor issue that we are making today in the 1952 platform. What is wrong with telling not only labor but all Americans exactly what kind of legislation we propose to adopt if our party comes in power? Until we do that, we are going to be faced with strong labor opposition. The 1952 platform will not win labor votes. Here again, Eisenhower and Nixon should clarify the platform by presenting interpretations and amplifications which, as candidates, they have the right to do when they come to discuss these problems.

United States Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon is one of the outstanding liberals in the Republican Party.

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Labor wants to know, and is entitled to know if it is to be asked by the Republican Party for its votes, what exactly are the changes in the Taft-Hartley Law which the Republican Party will support. Just as the Wagner Act was unfair to employers and permitted labor to develop abuses which needed to be corrected, so Taft-Hartley is unfair and permits employers to take advantage of the legitimate rights of labor in many ways. There are many sections of Taft-Hartley which are absolutely sound and are in the public interest, but the Republican leaders know by experience that the law needs drastic revision. Therefore, why doesn't the Republican Party tell this to labor if it wants labor's support?

Why doesn't it tell labor that experience has already shown that the emergency-dispute sections of Taft-Hartley need to be rewritten in a manner that will prevent employers from taking advantage of these sections of the law by refusing to bargain in good faith, thereby forcing labor to strike, knowing full well that when labor strikes in an emergency-dispute situation it will lose the support of public opinion?

Why doesn't the Republican Party make clear to both employers and labor in its platform that it is going to adopt specific amendments to Taft-Hartley that will make it disadvantageous for both sides of a labor dispute to refuse to bargain in good faith and thereby do everything possible to prevent a dispute from becoming one that threatens the health or security of the nation?

Wayne Morse

What we need now is to have Eisenhower and Nixon counsel with those leaders of labor who are willing to place the public interest ahead of their selfish interest and come forward with some specific recommendation for labor legislation that will be acceptable to labor. Until we do that, we will continue to be a minority party as far as labor policy is concerned.

Foreign Policy—"Zigzag"

The foreign-policy plank of the platform is a hodgepodge of inconsistent compromises. It reminds me of a zigzag race course laid out for political hurdlers jumping first to one side of a fence seeded to isolationism and then in a zizag fashion to the other side of a fence seeded to a foreign policy of mutual security, ending up at the finish line—on the rocks.

We all know that at the head of the platform committee we had the dominating views of isolationism; and the influence of an American go-it-alone policy permeates the language of the platform. We also know that one of the leaders of the party in the field of foreign policy was called in to try to draft language that would be acceptable to the isolationists and to those who believe that America's survival depends on mutual security.

The language is sufficiently vague so that it will be acceptable to those who think we should proceed to engage in a preventive war in Asia. It probably also will be considered acceptable, as it obviously was intended to be, to those who believe that an all-out war in Asia would leave us standing alone without allies, fighting a war with Russia in an area of the world in which the odds would be against ultimate victory for our country.

The foreign-policy plank of the platform needs much clarification and it is up to Eisenhower and Nixon to do the job during the campaign.

I appreciate the fact that when one expresses the slightest disagreement with the Republican platform, as I have, there will be those who will think that he is not enthusiastically supporting the Republican Party in this campaign. That, of course, is not true because I AM supporting the Republican candidates completely. It is because I believe it to be of the greatest importance to the future of our country that we have a change of administration in November, that I urge clarification and amplification of the platform by our candidates in their campaign speeches. Our candidates need to do this so that we will not lose the votes I am sure we will lose if we leave the issues covered by much of the platform in the confused and double-talk status in which we now find them.

The Republican Party must be specific and unequivocal on each one of the major issues of which this campaign will be fought if it is to win the support of millions of independent voters whose votes are necessary to a Republican victory. We Republicans will not help our party win that victory if we take the position that the platform in its present form is the political Bible.

Eisenhower and Nixon have the great obligation of interpreting the text of the platform in a manner so clear that their campaign speeches on the issues, and not the platform, will become the political Bible. This platform, unfortunately, falls short of being a political literary masterpiece, and will lose us votes unless our leaders can clarify it.

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IPR: A PROBE IN PROSPECTIVE

by Nathaniel Peffer

SOME DAY an American historian will attempt to explain the chapter in history that deals with American policy toward China in the years after 1945 and the venomous domestic political controversy it has created. He will not succeed unless he is a psychiatrist by training as well as a historian. For the material he will be dealing with is outside the bounds of rationality and cannot be treated by factual observation and logical analysis.

The latest addition to the documentation of clinical data that the historian-psychiatrist will have to work on is the report of the McCarran committee on its investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations. In a closely printed book of 225 pages it summarizes evidence taken over a period of 11 months and running to 5,000 pages. the equivalent of 15 large volumes. On this imposing showing the McCarran committee finds that:

The Institute of Pacific Relations served international Communist interests and affected adversely the interests of the United States; it was considered by the American Communist Party and by Soviet officials as an instrument of Communist policy, propaganda and military intelligence; a group of persons "operating within and about" the IPR substantially influenced American Far Eastern policy and the Institute itself was a "vehicle used by the Communists to orientate American Far Eastern policies toward Communist objectives." Also Owen Lattimore and John P. Davies Jr., an officer of the State Department, are accused of testifying falsely before the committee and it is recommended that their testimony be sent to a grand jury with a view to indictment for perjury.

All this was embroidered by Senator McCarran himself, in laying the report before the Senate, with the statement that "but for the machinations of the small group that controlled [the Institute of Pacific Relations] China would be free." Given the spirit and method of the investigation, it is the only possible peroration given; to the political aura of the China controversy, it is the most fitting peroration.

What, then, was it that produced the upheaval in China that culminated in Communist control? It was not the slow, progressive decline of the republic since 1911; not the decade of pillage by warlords; not the eight years of Japanese invasion and the devastation, economic paralysis and demoralization brought with it; not the carpetbaggerism that followed the war and the degeneration of the Nationalist government under Chiang Kai-shek. Not even the Chinese people had anything to do with it. It was all the making of the IPR, an organization 6,000 miles from China, composed of a few hundred Americans—a small number of rich businessmen, a larger number of middleclass businessmen and professional men and still more professors. The most extraordinary political feat since Hammurabi!

How was all this established? First, some old files of the IPR were "seized" at the country residence of E. C. Carter, former international secretary of the Institute. Why they had to be "seized" when they had already been opened to the FBI has not been made clear. Then a large number of witnesses were called. There was the usual array of renegade Communists familiar in such hearings—Budenz, Elizabeth Bentley, Hede Massing, K. A. Wittfogel and a few Russians, all ex-Communists by career, some free-swinging in their accusations and some subtle in innuendo. The accusations, of course, were never subjected to cross-examination by counsel for the accused. Written passages were culled from documents, in many cases out of context and patched together to seem damning, again not subjected to analysis in cross-examination. Inferences were drawn at four removes and, once more, not open to rebuttal.

Just what did the documents show? First of all, that the IPR had a Russian council as affiliate just as it had British, French, Dutch, Japanese, Australian, New Zealand, Canadian and Philippine councils as affiliates, each council being independent. The Institute was, in short, international and it considered Russia to be a country. Also, it met in conferences with Russian representatives. But so did American, British and French astronomers, physicists, chemists, biologists and men of other scientific callings. Further, information on the Far East was exchanged, as is the custom among astronomers, physicists, chemists and biologists. Incidentally, all the information made available to Russia by the American council of the Institute was public and purchasable by anybody in the world.

This, be it remembered, was in the middle 1930s, when few thought and felt about Russia as nearly all do now, and in the 1940s, when Russia was an ally and helping save our skins.

It is charged also that the Russians made use of ma-

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terial on the Far East published by the IPR, and this is doubtless true. But so did it get and make use of the reports of Dun and Bradstreet and the United States Chamber of Commerce. Published data of any country are now grist to the intelligence mill of every other country.

A great parade is made of excerpts from correspondence in the Institute's files, from letters in which one officer or another discourses magisterially on matters of high politics and expresses largish opinions not only on Far Eastern questions but on all world politics. Some of this is doubtless pretentious and given with an air of high responsibility, as if by those who had power to act on their opinions, but it represents very little except expansiveness on the spur of a dictating moment. Correspondence by dictation tempts to expansiveness. Some Institute of Pacific Relations officers did take themselves dreadfully seriously, and there is a good deal of the tone of the three tailors of Tooley Street who drew up a petition beginning, "We, the people of England."

Is this so uncommon, however, in America in recent years? Are not large numbers of us, individually and in association, given to playing statesman? This is not unnatural in a country over-suddenly come to maturity, or, rather, emerged from puberty, in world politics. We like self-expression in a sort of varient of the categorical imperative—so declare yourself as if your words carried the judgment and action of the nation. How many luncheon clubs could be indicted on the same grounds as the IPR, if this failing is subject to penalty? And how many individuals could submit their private correspondence on political matters with certainty of a clean bill of health on that score?

The most serious charge against the Institute of Pacific Relations is that it both harbored Communists and abetted them in their subversive activities. It is a charge that takes weight from the whole theory of guilt by association now in vogue. To that may be added the theory of guilt by coincidence, that is, whoever advocates anything that Communists have ever advocated, whether abolition of child labor or refusal of support for Chiang Kai-shek, is a Communist or a dupe of the Communists.

Let me say, first of all, that I have myself sometimes been irritated by a kind of sentimentality about Russia in some of the writings sponsored by the IPR, and in some of the persons connected with it. This has been conspicuously true in anything that bore on China. I am one of the professional students of the Far East who, without any ideological connotations, has never had any illusions about Russia in the Far East. As long as 30 years ago I was writing that Russian acts in the Far East could be explained as designed to advance the social philosophy of Karl Marx and they could also be explained as designed to advance traditional Russian expansionism, and I was myself inclined toward the second explanation. (Since 1945 there can be no doubt; Russia's course in the Far East has been not Marx but Nicholas II, Muraviev and Bezobrazov.) In the same way I have never been starry-eyed about the Chinese Communists. The weightiest argument in their favor was the government of Chiang Kai-shek and his cohorts. Even before the Japanese invasion, when the Communists were so eloquently clamoring for war against Japan, I was convinced that they were doing so not only out of Chinese patriotism (which was partly true) but because it would give them a chance to take over a larger part of the country by their guerrilla activities. Therefore I have been impatient with the ingenue gushing about the Chinese Communists on the part of some of those connected with the IPR or writing under its sponsorship. But having been a member of the Institute from its beginning, like all other Far Eastern specialists, and having watched it fairly closely, I can say that such persons, however regrettable, have been in a minority. There have been some I have sometimes suspected of being Communists (which was never a crime and in the 1930s not even a misdemeanor) or of being fellow-travelers; but except in the case of Frederick V. Field after 1939 I would never have been willing to say I was positive. But even so, as was testified before the McCarran committee by Prof. George E. Taylor, himself a virulent anti-Communist, the Communists would try to infiltrate any organization, even the YMCA. And who would call the YMCA Communist, even if a few fellow-travelers did get in?

Much was made of the famous three-day meeting in the State Department in October, 1949, when 25 Americans of different walks of life were invited to discuss American policy in the Far East. It is said that at that meeting a majority, who were active in the Institute of Pacific Relations, strongly advocated recognition of the Communist government in China. (I happened to be one of those present and though not active in the Institute of Pacific Relations I, too, advocated recognition and I still think there was more to gain than to lose by doing so.) But what is passed over lightly in the McCarran report is that among that majority were men who are also the heads of great corporations with headquarters in and around Wall Street. It must be added, too, that a large proportion, if not a majority, of Americans in the Far East, whether officials, missionaries or businessmen, also advocated recognition then.

What the whole business comes down to is this. Grant that IPR chose American Far Eastern policy as the subject most favorable for its manipulations, and that it

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sought to bring about American governmental and public support for the Chinese Communists. Let that be granted, though *it should not be.* Well, what did it accomplish? Did it succeed?

Has the American Government supported the Chinese Communists in any way? In spite of all that sinister and subtle pressure at that State Department meeting and before, did we recognize the Mao Tse-tung government? Have we withdrawn support from Chiang Kai-shek's regime in Formosa? On the contrary, we are protecting it from the Communists by the Seventh Fleet (which is all that has kept the Communists out) and we have several hundred officers there training Chiang's soldiers and we are giving him money. Surely, somebody sinister has lost his touch. Have we at any time since 1945 turned against the Nationalist government? On the contrary, right after the Japanese surrender, and by ship and plane we transported some 400,000 Nationalist troops to Manchuria and North China, which alone kept the Communists from taking control of that region. After that we gave the Nationalist government money, arms, raw materials, relief materials. Where was the Institute of Pacific Relations then and where was its masterly influence? If Russian Communists had never had more skillful secret agents than that, Rasputin would still be enjoying drunken orgies in St. Petersburg.

It is true that men connected with the Institute of Pacific Relations supported the American Government's effort to bring about a settlement between the Nationalists and the Communists. So did the overwhelming majority of Europeans and Americans in the Far East even if they had never heard of the IPR. Why not? We had just fought a war brought on because China's weakness from continual civil wars invited foreign intrusion, and the resulting Japanese attempt to conquer China had to be opposed by America. And if civil wars continued, there would be foreign intrusion again and America would try to frustrate it and find itself at war again. It was only elementary common sense to try to make China united and able to repel intruders by its own efforts.

So, too, a majority of men in the IPR turned against Chiang Kai-shek and his regime after the war because of the patent misrule, the cruel spoliation of the Chinese people, already tried almost beyond endurance by the Japanese invasion. But so did a majority of American army officers in China before and after the Japanese surrender. So did a majority of American and European civilians in China. So, too, did a majority of the Chinese people. If the IPR is guilty on that score, so is almost everybody else who has had anything to do with China in recent years.

In spite of the current political hullabaloo the fact is that whatever faults the Institute may have had, however unwisely it may have overspread itself, if there never had been an IPR, everything that has happened in China would have happened anyway. It might even be said that if there never had been a United States of America everything that has happened in China would have happened anyway. Perhaps not; it may be that if there had been no United States Chiang Kai-shek might not have been so sure of American support because America disliked Russia that he refused to make the compromises with decency in government that would have saved him.

No doubt the myth that somebody in this country, Dean Acheson or General Marshall or the State Department or the IPR or Owen Lattimore or somebody, is responsible for China becoming a Communist-ruled country will not down for a long time. For a long time the myth will be held that the Chinese people had nothing to do with it, that 450 million of them were moved as inanimate objects by a handful of people in America. But it is a grotesque myth nevertheless, and some day we shall come to our senses again, as is our wont. Meanwhile the McCarran report does little to give the myth credibility for anybody not already clinging to it.

The charge against Owen Lattimore hardly deserves serious consideration. All or nearly all the testimony against him is a repetition of the McCarthy fandango. The allegation of false testimony turns on failures of memory in five instances, particularly as to details. He seems to have erred on the date when he had luncheon with Oumansky, Russian ambassador, almost 10 years ago. He seems to have been vague or contradictory as to just when he realized that Frederick V. Field was a Communist and whether and when he knew that Chi Ch'ao-ting was a Communist (of that many, myself included, were never certain and some still are not) and whether a student of his had lunch with him on a certain day. It is inconceivable that this will ever get to a grand jury, even in a time of hallucination and hysteria. But the cruelty to Lattimore is not alleviated by that. In the public view he is pilloried nevertheless.

Not much more is to be said for the charge against John P. Davies. There is a conflict of testimony between himself and another man on a proposal he is supposed to have made, a proposal that hardly commends itself to credence for anybody who knows Davies.

This whole episode is part of a hysterical chapter in American history, of which the most charitable thing that can be said is that it is the result of the psychic shock of war, accentuated by shoddy politics. Some day we shall be ashamed of it.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

EUGENE O'NEILL'S PIETA

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN, by Eugene O'Neill (Random House; $2.75).

BACK TO THE FARM. The New England farm of *Desire Under The Elms* and *Beyond the Horizon*. The issue, of course, is ownership. The villain of the piece tries to wrest it from the heroine and her father. He even gets the hero on his side. So heroine and father plot our hero's ruin: he is to be disgraced by being found in our heroine's bed. End of Act Two. In Act Three comes a surprise. Our heroine has the opportunity of carrying out her revenge but she discovers that our hero is not on the villain's side after all, has not betrayed her. The occasion turns into a moonlit love scene, poetic and bedless. In Act Four, a second surprise follows. The heroine's father does not arrive with gun and witnesses as he had promised. We find he had known our hero's probity all along. He wanted to get the young couple into bed and couldn't think of a less unusual way to manage it. He knew heroes marry the girls they make love to, and he wanted to trap our hero into marriage. The play doesn't end with marriage, though. It ends with the heroine's wishing the hero an early, if painless, death. It doesn't have a happy ending, it has a happy middle. It is built round—written for the sake of—its third act in which we see our hero as "a damned soul coming . . . in the moonlight to confess and be forgiven and find peace for a night."

A well-made melodrama in which the expectations of melodrama are deliberately disappointed: Bernard Shaw has familiarized us with the pattern and convinced us that the disappointment may be more apparent and formal than substantial and real. And O'Neill touches upon the central substances and realities of modern life and drama. In his preoccupation with death-in-life—modern man a living corpse—he reminds us of Ibsen. Like Strindberg, he shows people torturing each other with words; like Pirandello, he shows them torturing *themselves* with words. Stylistically, there is a kinship with O'Casey: especially in his climactic third act he attempts to transfigure his naturalistic prose into high poetry. And in stating his main theme—guilt—he seeks to place his play in the main stream of modern literature. (In the theatre its popularity, like that of *The Cocktail Party*, would depend on the degree to which it arouses and appeases the public's sense of guilt.)

Perhaps I've already made it apparent how close *Moon* is to other work by O'Neill himself. It is closest to the last play he published, *The Iceman Cometh*, not only in style and lay-out but in having at its core a confession of guilt from a man who has wronged a woman. The "inner" climax which O'Neill substitutes for the expected melodramatic climax is his hero's confession that he was drunk when his dying mother last set eyes on him and that he slept with a whore in the train that carried his mother's corpse. Second to *The Iceman*, the most obvious and significant tie is with *Anna Christie*. In all three plays drinking and whoring are presented as the principal human pursuits, while above all three there hover the ideas of virginity and motherhood, associated in every case with Catholicism and Ireland.

Why not? The material is magnificent. If it appears ridiculous in O'Neill's plays it is because he has not succeeded in moulding it. That his language, for example, is unequal to the tasks he assigns to it is generally admitted, though his admirers shrug the fact off with the observation that you can't blame him for not being Shakespeare. One might, however, expect so ambitious a writer to stand comparison with our more talented novelists. O'Neill has attempted the poetry of colloquial American speech, the poetry of the underworld, yet has never written a page to compare with *The Killers* or *A Clean, Well Lighted Place*. The tough talk of *Moon* may be closer to the talk of 1923 (the date of the action) than I am equipped to say but anyone can see that the words have less vitality than even the worst of Hemingway. (Assignment for a linguist: how much of O'Neill's dialect and slang comes from life, how much from stage tradition and personal hunch?) Style is meaning. Hemingway's style has often succeeded in embodying in a few lines much the same sort of pessimism that O'Neill will circumnavigate for hundreds of pages.

What Europeans call the "American" style—i.e. the "tough" style—operates chiefly as an ironical mask for sensitivity. Undoubtedly O'Neill realized—with his brain, that is—how much of American life there is in this contrast. The hero of *Moon* "only acts [and, we may add, talks] like he's hard and shameless to get back at life when it's tormenting him—and who. doesn't?" Unhappily, O'Neill himself shows that embarrassment in the face of life, that shame in the presence of the spirit, which is the source of the "American" way of talking. He is afraid to have anyone mention sin without having them add "Nuts with that sin bunk" or to quote a poem without at once denouncing "the old poetic bull."

The prime symptom—or perhaps prime cause—of this embarrassment is fear of sex—fear of woman as woman, longing for her as mother or as virgin. There was a moment (that of *Days Without End*) when O'Neill seemed to have settled for the Virgin Mother, like his Irish antecedents. In *Moon*, he finds an equivalent in the terms of his own naturalistic mysticism, describing his heroine as "a virgin who bears a dead child in the night," and adding: "the dawn finds her still a virgin." The grandiosity here is that of adolescent poetry: corny words for corny conceptions. The heroine of *Moon* is 5' 11" tall (to the hero's 5' 9") and

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weighs 180 pounds. On the side of the comical-grotesque such a phenomenon has possibilities which are partly realized in one bravura scene in which she and her father bawl the villain out. Beyond that we have inescapably the impression of neurotic fantasy unorganized into art. In place of organization we have the imposition of *clichés* and formulae: Anna Christie was the whore with the heart of a virgin, this new heroine is a virgin who seems to be a whore until the truth comes out. (Assignment for a director: cast this part. Having done so, cast the same actress in another play.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten will change no one's opinion of O'Neill. It is neither one of his worst, nor one of his very best efforts. If it is more serious or in some ways more meritorious than most recent plays, so much the worse for most recent plays. I rather think its central image—that of a giant virgin holding in her arms a dipsomaniac lecher with a heart of gold—may stand in all minds as O'Neill's monument, for admirers will find it characteristic in grandeur and poetry while others will find in it, clinically speaking, neurotic fantasy indulged rather than exploited and, critically speaking, poetry strained after rather than achieved. ERIC BENTLEY

ON THE NOBEL NOVELIST

WILLIAM FAULKNER: A CRITICAL STUDY, by Irving Howe (Random House; $3).

IRVING HOWE'S BOOK is one of I believe no more than two full length studies of Faulkner that have been published so far. (The other, by H. M. Campbell, was published last year by the University of Oklahoma Press, but as I have not read it, I cannot say if it attempts as thorough an appraisal as Mr. Howe's.) As one might expect of a work that comes so early in its field, Irving Howe's critical study has some of the characteristics of pioneering—an occasional roughness, tentativeness and uncertainty of direction, as well as the advantages of being among the first to take up a stand. Not that the voluminous criticism of Faulkner that has appeared in the magazines is exactly a wilderness; but it seems to make a good deal of difference to the critic whether or not the study of an author is well under way. When it is, the various schools with their several judgments have separated themselves from one another, and the critic can go right to work without the need of clearing a path to his subject. But because the criticism of Faulkner is a relatively new thing—Faulkner, until recently, having been quite neglected—an essential part of the comment on his work must consist of a criticism of the criticism that already exists. Irving Howe does hardly enough of this, and I regret his cursory treatment of existing opinion not only because a book which opens the way to larger considerations should be freely handled on this score, but also because he has an excellent capacity for polemics.

There have so far been three main varieties of opinion on Faulkner, the first advanced by a group of critics, now largely mending their minds in repentance, who underestimated him because they were unable to see anything besides his obscurity. The second group, running to the opposite fault, has carried ardor beyond discernment, as though it were impossible for Faulkner to write a single bad sentence; these critics have also tended to cover his work with virtually Ptolemaic cycles and epicycles of symbolism and explication, all of which has attributed to him a complication of meaning that not only Faulkner, normally a complicated writer, but no writer could ever have intended. The third is represented by Howe himself, and this third group, in my opinion, is by far the best. It goes about its work carefully, aware of the difficulty of evaluating a writer whose fiction is still appearing, and the impression of which may not yet be clear. It is naturalistic and empirical in approach, and it insists on subordinating the values of symbolism (whether discovered or imputed) to the fictional ones of drama, scene and character—in a word, *story*—and it should appear to be the most capable of delivering sound judgment. Certainly, Mr. Howe's judgment, summarized in the following passage, is as fair, reasonable, and well balanced as one could want:

> In point of inventiveness Faulkner is at least the equal of the twentieth-century European masters. He is—to use a troublesome word—a genius. His work abounds with native power; his fertility in creating lively situations and characters shows no sign of serious diminution. Faulkner is the most impressive living American novelist, certainly the best since Dreiser and perhaps since James. Yet he is not, except in a very few novels and stories, a great writer—if by great we would commend those qualities of vision found in such writers of our time as Joyce, Proust, Kafka and Lawrence.

Mr. Howe's study keeps to this empirical tone throughout; yet the method is more impressive than the results. The method makes provision for a multiplicity of interpretations by presenting a *resumé* of significant stages in the development of the South and in Faulkner's own career. A generalization of his world, drawing on history, sociology and economics, as well as his novels and stories, is advanced, together with a statement of his themes. This is followed by a more intensive analysis of individual works, and a final summary and evaluation, from which I have quoted the above paragraph. I am much in favor of such roomy schedules, and it seems to me that nothing but a prejudice of specialization has given eclectic criticism a bad name.

But the method is here not shown to advantage, most likely because the tremendous demands of this schedule forced Howe to spread his writing too thin. Such amplitude of approach does not do away with the need for concentration; one must either meet each requirement in full (which would take a lifetime yet Joyce asked precisely this of the critic) or select one or a few aspects of the work for exploration in depth. Instead, Mr. Howe has worked out a compromise which allows for only occasional moments of intense concentration, and these are not enough to relieve the rather summary tone of the study as a whole.

Let me take as an example of the rather hasty and superficial glance he is forced to cast over much of Faulkner's work, the analysis he makes of the char-

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acter of Lena Grove in the chapter on *Light In August*. He says of her:

> Beyond a doubt Lena is the most harmoniously drawn character in the book, reflecting one of Faulkner's benign moods: a relaxed, whimsical affection for simple life.

This is patently beside the point, as are his other references to her stupidity, her "good unruffled vegetable" quality, her animal calm and health. He argues against attributing a "holistic consciousness," to Lena, and maintains that to "grant Faulkner's mind its due," one must admit that her simplicity makes her a far less interesting character than Christmas or Hightower. Of course, no one is under obligation to find her interesting, but this running glance is bound to prevent even her claim to interest from appearing. A more concentrated observation should have to place her together with Dilsey and the tall convict and the myriad other "simple" characters in Faulkner's world, and set this group against the Christmases, Popeyes, Jasons and Snopes, before Faulkner's real purpose in characterization could emerge. This is not a "whimsical affection for simple life," but rather an almost systematic and essentially religious division of mankind into the stiff-necked and the submissive, with the latter standing in an abundant evidence of grace. Now the critic need not agree with this division, and he has every right to abhor submissiveness, but he must allow it to appear as one of Faulkner's major themes.

It is the absence of such a concentrated, thematic treatment which is largely responsible for the weakness in Mr. Howe's study. And for this reason, not even his final judgment, though it is unexceptionable, is fully sustained. For he does attribute to Faulkner (quite correctly) qualities of occasional greatness; but greatness on any occasion is a matter, as Howe says, of vision. An author's greatness lies in what he sees of the world, and this perception is of such an order that having once shared it, our whole working notion of what constitutes reality is never again the same. We may agree, we may rebel, but we are profoundly affected. Perhaps it is the terrible emphasis he lays on submission that is the essential matter in Faulkner's vision—no easy thing to accept. But to "grant Faulkner's mind its due," one must concentrate on this theme. Such concentration Mr. Howe has failed to engage in; but he has come out with a schedule for placing it and a method for applying it that may well guide the extensive criticism of Faulkner now getting under way.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

A NIHILIST AROMA

THE RED CARNATION, by Elio Vittorini. (New Directions; $3).

THE "ITALIAN RENAISSANCE"—by contrast to our prosperous drought, a flowering from the soil of poverty—has given us such gifted writers as Berto, Moravia and Vittorini. Gifted writers, but uneasily gifted; men bearing some guilt and enjoying little security of opinion or attitude; stars, genuinely bright stars, of a post-war Italy that brims with talent yet indulges its recent shame by condescending toward its greatest novelist, Silone.

Among the "new" Italian writers Vittorini seems to have made the most determined effort to estimate the Fascist experience. Though not strictly allegorical, his novels tend toward allegory; and reveal a political mind of shrewdness and warmth, though of little experience or generalizing power. Neither tender like Berto nor sensual like Moravia, he creates ambiguous paradigms about life in an imaginary Italy which, like the real Italy, has been undermined by nihilism.

Offhand *The Red Carnation* seems still another portrait of adolescence, a story of a 17-year-old boy wavering between an infatuation for a schoolgirl and the pungent attractions of a prostitute. In the modern novel youth is generally torn between sacred and profane adorations, but Vittorini's hero, Mainardi, is not a hero of sensibility; he is merely a decent boy corrupted by the blague of fascism, and his experience gains both point and tension from being set in the year Mussolini secured his power by murdering the Socialist leader Matteoti.

From his adored schoolmate Mainardi wins a red carnation, though little else; and it is this flower, the color of love and blood, that becomes the directing symbol of the book. Moving languidly, the novel traces the flower from schoolgirl to prostitute, a journey suggesting Mainardi's initiation into the adult world and the secrets of sex. But the flower becomes something else, and something more interesting: Mainardi, who naïvely credits the "revolutionary" claims of fascism, is mistaken by a blackshirt mob for a Matteoti supporter —"and I almost wanted to say that I was, so that I could stay on the side of my carnation in every possible way."

It is this mixture of politics and romance that gives *The Red Carnation* its peculiar shading and interest. Mainardi is the son of a merchant who had been a radical in his youth but had later turned "practical"; the boy joined the Fascists "out of antipathy for the kind of Socialism from which my father . . . derived." Seeking, as Vittorini brilliantly remarks of another character, "to crush the world between his teeth," Mainardi plunges into the intrigues of the blackshirts; his experience becomes a mirror for the desperate emptiness and braggadocio that lay just beneath the surface of Fascism.

In its evocation of Mussolini's Italy, *The Red Carnation* is depressingly precise, perhaps even a bit more so than Vittorini intended. For he is not entirely free from the contaminations of his subject: the novel, written in the the early 'thirties, suggests a mixture of the tough-and-tender post-war Italian movies and the movies made under Mussolini, in which everything was surface: hard, brilliant, chromium-clean. Symbol of affection the red carnation may be, but it has yet to reach full flower.

Still, it would be absurd to blame Vittorini for having been what he was; he could not help growing up in, and being twisted by, Mussolini's Italy. We need only insist on certain standards: between a novel like this one, for all its talent, and a novel like *Bread and Wine* there is a moral chasm.

Perhaps, however, there is another

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reason for one's uneasiness before *The Red Carnation*. The individual elements of the book—opera bouffe, student romanticism, intellectual nihilism, a dubious touch of pastoral, the Cult of the Sacred Whore—are familiar enough; but taken together they produce a disturbingly strange effect. Is this a European recipe, too sharp and incongruous for our palates? After reading the book one feels, in any case, that even in the century of the dollar there may still be literary modes and accents for which an American is unprepared. IRVING HOWE

AN AMERICAN ABROAD

STRANGE LANDS AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE, by William O. Douglas (Harper; $4).

LIKE OTHERS who have visited these strange lands that he writes about so unpretentiously and interestingly, Justice Douglas is struck by the fact that the people of the Middle East are friendly to Americans and critical and suspicious of America. One returns, he says, from such a journey profoundly disturbed, for the "America he loves is not the America the people of Asia see."

Douglas covers a lot of land and water, from Greece to India, in 320 pages. He gives a little history, some good descriptions of the country, an occasional glance at high politics, but he writes mostly about people and their struggle with forces of nature and of poverty, ignorance, corruption and privilege. He does this by good reporting of events, by interviews and by stories which are not only good stories but reveal more agreeably than statistics or political analysis the social and political problems of the region.

Douglas found little evidence of an inclination toward Marxism or of friendship for Russia, but considerable respect for what the Communists had accomplished in an economically backward country and a recognition that the Russians supported reforms in Asia while the Americans, talking about them, supported corrupt and feudal regimes. "When Russian influence was strong in Persia and the Tudeh party flourished," said a peasant, "our rent dropped to one-third of the crop. Now American influence runs Persia and our rents are up to 50 percent and more." Douglas believes that our policy has been too much concerned with anti-Communism, too much influenced by the military mind, too subservient to the British and too easily convinced that the world can be saved from Communism by dollars. He suggests that we should not try to standardize the world according to American specifications that we look for partners in world peace rather than customers for our surplus goods, that we emulate the teacher and the missionary in kindness and understanding and in aiding those Asians who are seeking freedom and justice, that we prove by deeds our belief in freedom and justice and thus dispel the conviction growing among Asians that "America is too powerful to co-operate with them and too rich to understand them."

It is hard for us to apply this good advice because as a nation we lack sufficient other incentives to enlist national, group or individual participation by deed as well as by words and dollars. The cold wars of the Middle East—Israelis vs. Arabs, Pakistanis vs. Hindus—also create tensions and problems to which Douglas makes only passing reference but which add greatly to the complexities of policy-making. The Middle Eastern situation is changing rapidly and policies must be modified almost daily But ours are more likely to succeed if they rest on something more creative than fear of Russia—if they rest on the knowledge, respect and sympathy to which this book is a contribution. HAROLD H. FISHER

Harold H. Fisher is a professor of History and chairman of the Hoover Institute and Library of Stanford University.

A CATHOLIC WORKER

THE LONG LONELINESS: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DOROTHY DAY (Harper; $3.50).

TWO CLASSES of people are going to dislike, subconsciously at any rate, Dorothy Day's account of her life. Christians who have made their big and little compromises with the present social and economic "order" will resent her castigation of capitalism and her espousal of radical reforms. Liberals—some of them—will likewise be offended. What business, they will think, has Dorothy Day, in this "enlightened age," tying her social program to religion, or maintaining that the most wonderful inspiration for reform is Christian love?

This reviewer believes she is right on both counts: Christians (maybe most of them) deserve a jolt because of their complacency about current conditions; and liberals (maybe most of them) merit a similar jolt because of their indifference to religious values.

Dorothy Day acquired her ideas in no ivory tower. It is true her mind was first turned to the social problem by reading London, Sinclair, and especially Kropotkin. But she confirmed for herself their depictions of the class struggle and the plight of the poor by personal explorations into the tenement jungles of Chicago and New York. She learned to love the poor. She learned also that poverty and destitution were not the result wholly of irrational forces; greed was also responsible for a diseased economic system.

She worked with leaders of the IWW, with Socialists, and with Communists. She wrote and she picketed. Once she was thrown into jail on the trumped-up charge of being a prostitute. Today she has harsh words for none of the fellow workers of her past. Though no longer sharing their social philosophies, she believes they were honest and sincere in their attempts to improve the human lot. Her religious sentiments, in the meantime, continued to deepen, and she finally became a Catholic. The conversion meant—and continues to mean—no change in her radical outlook.

Dorothy Day's meeting with Peter Maurin was a big turning point in the lives of both. Peter was French, and of peasant stock. The love of the soil was in his blood. He preached to everyone who would listen the doctrine of "cult, culture, and cultivation." His social philosophy became wedded to Dorothy's zeal. The fruit was the Catholic Worker movement, which flowered into a publication, the *Catholic*

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Worker, the houses of hospitality for the downtrodden, and the farming communes. The movement has left its imprint upon the American scene. Unquestionably, it has stimulated religious —especially Catholic—circles to be bolder about their approach to the social problem. It has also suffered from an excess of its virtues. Its emphasis on the simple, agrarian life as a bulwark for human independence and dignity is correct, but the movement never came to grips with the problem of modern technological development. Technology is here to stay, and destined to grow. It is naïve to turn one's back upon it.

The pacificism of the movement is another excess. Extreme pacificism has no sanction from theology, philosophy or common sense. Of course one should work for the elimination of conditions that breed war. But war remains a legitimate ultimate resort against the unjust aggressor. Had we not fought, and won, the last war, how democratic or pacifistic would the children of Catholic Workers or Quakers be today?

The author's clear and simple style enhances the value of her book. The illustrations of Fritz Eichenberg deserve honorable mention.

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON

GOOD BUT MINOR ESSAYS

AVENUES OF HISTORY, By L. B. Namier (Hamish Hamilton; 15/—).

THESE DISCURSIVE essays, all but one cast in the form of book reviews, are certainly not regarded as constituting a major work by the Professor of Modern History at Manchester University; but as an introduction to an eminent British historian they serve admirably. They are what an introduction should be—polite, not too solemn, charming, yet exact.

Professor Namier begins, it is true, somewhat magisterially with a definition of history that, like all definitions of history, will be instantly challenged by the nay-sayers of all schools but his own. "Popularized history is mostly dull and valueless," for instance, is certainly a dictum with a limited application. If it is dull, why is it popular? An article valueless to the well-informed is frequently of considerable value to the uninstructed. However, the essay is a beautifully concise and lucid statement of the position of the disciplinarian, as opposed to the utilitarian concept.

The second essay, employing "Civilization on Trial" as a peg on which to hang the argument, is a suave but definite rebuke to those who are not content to accept Toynbee as a great historian, but must needs erect him into a great philosopher as well. It is time someone should point out how dreadfully Toynbee wobbles when he deserts chronicle for speculation; and it is well that the job should be done blandly and neatly, with full and free recognition of Toynbee's pre-eminence in his own field.

For the rest, the book wanders as widely and as erratically as the historiography that it follows—from the Walter family and Bell, of the *Times,* to the Elizabethan Parliament, to Palmerston, to Mazzini, to the Princess Lieven, to the general elections of 1945 and 1950, to the West Indies sugar plantations, here, there, everywhere, according to the subject of the book the reviewer happened to pick up. But this is reviewing, not reporting. To his account of the work Namier always adds some touch of his own, always a significant and frequently a charming touch.

The book is much concerned with the problem of political unification, as is every modern work of the kind; but an American reader is interested by the very small use made of American experience in that connection. True, ours was a relatively simple problem, but it involved the same ideas. Mazzini, for example, argued less lucidly than John C. Calhoun, but he argued the same point. Schumann, right now, is harried by the doubts that beset John Taylor of Carolina, but what European ever heard of Taylor? Parochial the idea may be, but I believe European political thinkers are overlooking a small, but excellent, bet in not looking beyond Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton to some of the smaller fry who never towered but were nevertheless first-rate artificers of unity. GERALD W. JOHNSON

A PHILISTINE ABROAD

CHICAGO: THE SECOND CITY, by A. J. Liebling (Knopf; $2.50).

WHEN I READ portions of this book serialized in *The New Yorker,* I noted a provincialism and a Philistinism that I suspected would color the whole piece when it appeared in book form. Upon actually taking up the book, I saw that these two characteristics, though dye-fast in its fabric, were only incidental. During the earlier reading, my attention had been caught up by two or three examples of Mr. L's less than rational attitude. For instance, there was the contemptuous memory that he cherished of a Chicago boy whom he had once met:

> When I was about eleven, a boy of around my age moved with his parents to the town on the south shore of Long Island where I lived. He was an enthusiastic Boy Scout, and he used to tell me and other uninterested Long Island boys about the fine boulevards and parks they had in Chicago. He also said that the aquarium was a lulu. The football pennants tacked to the walls of his room bore exotic names such as Northwestern, Iowa and Purdue, instead of names everyone knew, like Yale, Columbia and Rutgers.

Liebling, as you can well imagine, never forgot this little fool. For him the true stupidity of Chicago had already begun to make itself felt, and it was really burnt into his soul when, later on, he heard a woman in a bar say that she had left her husband because he was always "potst" and, on another occasion, heard one man say to another: "How come you haven't been around since you hit that daily double? You used to be so jammy-jammy with me." That kind of crude language *is* revolting to the unsullied ear of a Manhattan newspaperman, and one can hardly blame the author for stressing the fact by titling a chapter "So Proud to be Jammy-jammy."

I had also noted that, while apparently he had come to know a sizable number of Chicagoans during his visits there, most of them were named Sid Harris and Irv Kupcinet, and the rest seemed to dine and meet each other according to some strange primitive ritual which never had come to my attention before.

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(They never met one another in restaurants, they had to see each other in a certain order, *etc., etc.*) Apparently such offices as that of *Poetry* magazine and institutions as universities are off-limits for visiting journalists, so that the only leads they pick up about the local literary and educational situations are from Harris, Kupcinet, Nelson Algren (actually, a genuine writer in the heart of the city!), and assorted waifs and strays to be met in little bars, purely by accident. From such sources Liebling discovered that "there is no general public institution of higher learning in Chicago." This "fact" has even less truth in it than the one Liebling quotes an alleged University of Chicago undergraduate he met in a bar as telling him —that "it's the only university where you can hold a full-time daytime job and still get your B. A." (There are people doing this in colleges all over the country, and especially in New York City. Most such people operate under tremendous handicaps, and obviously miss most of the fun, but it's hardly to their discredit if they can bear the double load.)

To anyone who has studied or taught at the University of Chicago, indeed, another of Liebling's bar-quotations— "Just read the Great Books and work up a line for the comprehensive examination at the end of the year"—is absolutely meaningless. The implication that a sound undergraduate training is unobtainable at Chicago in such regular subjects as astronomy, Greek, chemistry, or sociology is completely unwarranted and the result of a hopeless hash of several different kinds of uninformed gossip. A few hours of conversation with people on the campus (about five minutes walk from the Fifty-fifth Street bars he mentions) would have enabled Mr. Liebling to avoid this silliness.

But what I had meant to say was that this kind of criticism is unfair on my part, for I don't think Liebling takes his topic very seriously in actual fact. Primarily, he is a first-rate reporter— despite his excursions into political criticism and analysis of American newspapers—of the old human-interest school which Chicago journalism did so much to help establish. He is interested in night-clubs, strip-teasers, horse-racing, salty personalities, crime, prize-fights, *et cetera.* He travels around with his pack of prejudices, like the rest of us, and must not be blamed too harshly if he cannot distinguish between the intellectually responsible thinking of a Robert Maynard Hutchins and the America-Firstism of a General Wood. He is wonderful on the slot-machine racket, the Chicago *Tribune,* the St. Valentine's Day "Massacree," and Chicago's political network. This is surface journalism which can be most effective when it highlights a revolting situation vividly and wittily, and can be appallingly obtuse when it touches unfamiliar territory. Mr. Liebling writes well, in the *New Yorker's* well-known neutrally satiric vein, and Steinberg's drawings strike home hilariously to help the book give a final knife-twist to "the second city." What is truly dreadful about Chicago Mr. Liebling has not the equipment to show, in all its similarity—yet with a real difference—to the other great, misery-filled cities of the world. Nor can he show us its true sources of strength and possibility. Yet there is enough perception and attractive cantankerousness to his book to make it excellent reading in a summer which has already seen several heat-records broken in Chicago.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

THE BAROQUE REVIVAL

by Robert Evett

ON AUGUST 23, 1730, J. S. Bach signed an extremely cantankerous memorandum, which he called a *Short but most necessary draft for a well-appointed church music; with certain modest reflections on the decline of the same.* This wrathful document was submitted to the Leipzig Town Council and, fortunately, preserved. Its particular value for us is that it provides a guide for the performance of Bach's most ambitious pieces and, by implication, helps us find a correct style for other elaborate music of the time. For the Cantatas and other concerted works, Bach asked for an orchestra of at least eighteen players, though he pointed out that more variety could be had if twenty instrumentalists were available. To complement a group of this size, he asked for a chorus of twelve, or possibly even sixteen voices, so that if one of the singers fell ill, the music could still be performed as written.

It is generally assumed that, as a practical public servant, Bach was dealing with a budget, and that his requests were modest because they were realistic. Romantic tradition, which has taught us that size is an index to quality, has given us an inflated *B minor Mass,* sung by a chorus of 300 and accompanied by a symphony orchestra. The feeling is that time has been kind to Bach by giving his music that grandeur of setting which it properly demands.

It should be an obvious fact that a composer will write a very different kind of music for a small combination than he will for a large one. Small combinations offer very little resonance, but they can produce considerable tonal variety. The transparent texture of such a group suggests and almost demands an elaborately contrived inner structure. Large combinations are hostile to inner detail, which tends to be swallowed up in the richness and big volume of such groups. Musicians who persist in treating Bach to such elephantine productions fail to realize, as Curt Sachs says, "what to a painter would be self-evident, that design and color could not be separated, that an outline drawn by Raphael could not be colored with Cézanne's palette."

Handel's *Messiah* was written for a huge chorus to sing. This is probably the reason that the work was cast in a broad, relatively simple style. The differences between this work and the proportionally ambitious pieces of Bach suggest the stylistic differences within the Baroque which determine the correct approach to performance. The earliest composers of the period—Monteverdi and his friends—were very casual about indicating the notes they wanted heard. A Monteverdi manuscript reads like something dictated but not read; it is little more than a scratchy sketch, a casual guide to an almost completely free improvisation. This impro-

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visatory freedom which was the initial characteristic of the Baroque became a rather stereotyped activity with time, but it persisted to the very end of the movement. The amount of license that any piece will tolerate varies greatly within the output of any given composer. The Sonatas of Bach and Handel, for instance, demand constant, fluid improvisation, while the *Well-Tempered Clavier* is completely composed and must be played, note for note, as written. The rhythmic irregularities that Monteverdi encouraged are found much later in the work of Froberger, but must be avoided in the music of Purcell or Bach. Such variations in style make it impossible to establish regular, inflexible rules for an approach to the Baroque. Performers of this music are always open to attack, and are likely to fall into error from time to time—especially since they are not guided by an unbroken tradition of common practice. The listener can distinguish good performances from bad ones if he remembers that the music must always sound clear. A simple piece may be rather heavy without losing its clarity, but a complicated one must be light. The instruments of the time tended to be high-pitched and rather weak dynamically, so that they encouraged a quick tempo and an elaborate structure.

Robert Shaw's recording of the *B Minor Mass* (Victor; $17.16) is a superb and, fortunately, available example of correct performance of this music. Shaw uses a slightly larger group than Bach calls for in his *Necessary Draft,* but he preserves the composer's intention almost intact. Those stylistic excesses which Shaw has inherited from the Romantic Bach tradition are not so oppressive as to mar his reading seriously.

Responsible harpsichordists are still very few. Edith Weiss-Mann was a wonderful player, but she died a few years ago, before her work had become a strong force in our music. Fortunately, Mme. Weiss-Mann left some recordings behind her which should be heard by anyone who does not know how good a harpsichord can sound. Her style of playing was midway between an authentic approach and the Romantic view, with the result that she projected Baroque clarity with the perhaps unnecessary embellishment of modern colorism. Her playing was not always accurate but, unlike Landowska, her mistakes could be clearly heard. I am not prepared to say that her place has been taken since her death, though Ralph Kirkpatrick and Irwin Bodky play the harpsichord really well. A young American harpsichordist, Stoddard Lincoln, has evolved a severe style of playing that comes closer to being authentic than anything I have heard before. If Mr. Lincoln's playing is successful, we will all have a better opportunity to experience Baroque music on its own terms.

Curt Sachs claims that the new purism came into being because the performers knew that the organ of the nineteenth century killed Bach's severe architecture, that the thick and sensual tone of a violoncello destroyed the delicate line of a gamba composition, that a cross-stringed piano suffocated the unemotional melody of a harpsichord piece.

While Sachs is indisputably correct in observing the damage that can be done by modern instruments, he does not concern himself with the problems that face, say, a virtuoso pianist who happens to like Bach. Should the pianist confine himself to a Romantic repertory which he perhaps actively dislikes, or to Classical sonatas that he finds intellectually barren?

Pianists who use Baroque music as a vehicle for subjective expression are in a position which would be difficult to justify. But Walter Gieseking is one of those who have proven that the piano is a more versatile instrument than we have supposed. Gieseking's Bach is rapid, clear, and wonderfully dry; while he is dealing with an instrument which is intrinsically much richer than any Bach could have known, he brings to it that very detachment which is so rare among the harpsichordists. A performer who brings Bach to a modern instrument acts as a translator, and, like a translator, he must be judged by his fidelity to the letter and spirit of the original. What he gives you may be so excellent in every way that it deserves respect on its own terms.

[This is the second of three essays on Baroque music.—The Editors.]

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